LONDON'S RESURRECTION TO JOY and TRIUMPH,

Expreſſed in Sundry

SHEWS, SHAPES, SCENES, SPEECHES, and SONGS in PARTS.

Celebrious to the much-meriting Magiſtrate

Sir George Waterman

KNIGHT,

LORD MAYOR of the CITY of *LONDON.*

At the Peculiar and Proper Expences of the Worſhipful COMPANY of

SKINNERS.

THE

KING, QUEEN, and DUKE of *YORK*, and moſt of the NOBILITY being preſent.

Written by *THO. JORDAN.*

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LONDON'S RESURRECTION TO JOY and TRIUMPH,

Expreſſed in ſundry

Shews, Scenes, Speeches, and Songs in Parts:

Celebrious to the well-meriting Magiſtrate

Sir *GEORGE WATERMAN* Kt. &c.

The Mornings Preparation.

THE Citizens deſigned for the Duty of the Day aſſemble about ſeven of the Clock in the Morning at *Skinners* Hall.

1. The Maſter, Wardens, and Aſſiſtants, in Gowns faced with Foyns.
2. The Livery, in Gowns faced with Budg, and their Hoods.
3. Divers Foyns Batchelors, in Gowns and Hoods.
4. Near upon Thirty Budg Batchelors in Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
5. Thirty Gentlemen-Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each of them a Chain of Gold about his Shoulder, and a white Staff in his Hand.
6. Thirty other Gentlemen for bearing Banners and Colours,

ſome in Pluſh Coats, and ſome in Buff; they alſo wearing Scarfs about their Shoulders of the Companies Colours.

7. Several Drums and Fifes, with Red Scarfs, and the Colours of the Company in their Hats, Red and Yellow.

8. The two City-Marſhals, riding each of them on Horſe-back, with ſix Servitors to attend them, with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.

9. The Foot-Marſhal, and ſix Attendants, with the like Scarfs and Colours.

10. The Maſter of Defence, with the ſame Scarf and Colours, having ten Perſons of his own Quality to attend him.

11. Threeſcore Penſioners, accommodated with Gowns and Caps, each of them imployed in carrying of Standards and Banners.

12. Divers other Penſioners, in Blue Gowns, White Sleeves, and Black Caps, each of them carrying a Javelin in the one Hand, and a Target in the other, wherein is painted the Coat-Armour of their Benefactors.

Being thus, in every Punctilio, accommodated,

They are by the Foot-Marſhal divided into ſeven Diviſions, and ranked out two by two, beginning with the inferiour part of the Standard-bearers; and in the Head of them are placed two Drums, one Fife, and one Gentleman bearing the Companies Enſign.

In the Rere of them, two Gentlemen bearing Banners, being the Arms of deceaſed Benefactors.

After them march the aged Penſioners in Gowns, and in the Center of them fall in two Drums beating the *Switzers* March.

In the Rere of them fall in three Drums, one Fife, and two Gentlemen in Pluſh Coats, bearing two Banners or Enſigns: After them fall in ſix Gentlemen-Uſhers; And in the Rere of them, the Budge Batchellors.

The next ſucceſſively, following them, two other Gentlemen bearing two other Banners or Enſigns; After them fall in ſix Gentlemen-Uſhers; And after them the Foyns Batchellors.

In the Rere of them fall in two Drums and a Fife; then two Gentlemen, the one bearing the Lord Mayors, the other the City-

Banners:

Banners: After them, twelve Gentlemen-Ushers; And after them, the Court of Assistants.

In this Equipage of two and two (till taking in his Lordship and his Attendants) the whole Body march toward *Guild-hall*, and from thence through *King's-street* toward the *Three-Crane* Wharf and *Vintree*, and there they enter their several Barges, his Lordship at the Stairs next *Westminster*, the Company at another pair of Stairs, and the Gentlemen-Ushers, and Budge Batchellors, and Foyns Batchellors to their Place of Refection.

His Lordship being Landed at *Westminster*, and performing the accustomed Ceremony at each Court, and come to the Exchequer-Bar, the Lord Chief Baron makes a Speech to him, which being ended, the Lord Mayor and his Retinue marching round *Westminster-Hall*, repair to their several Barges, and hasten to *Baynards-Castle*, where the Batchelors are ready set in order by the Foot-Marshal, as in the Morning, to attend him; and both Bodies conjoyned, do march up *Paul's-Wharf-Hill*, into the Church-yard, and so into *Cheapside*, where his Lordship is entertained with

The First Pageant

BEing a Forests properly accommodated with several *Animals*, *Sylvans*, *Satyrs*, and *Wood-Nymphs*, sitting, and stirring in very good Order; the Nymphs attired in various-colour'd Robes: And in the Front are two Negroes, richly adorned with Oriental Pearls and Jewels, mounted upon two Panthers.

The Second Pageant

REpresenteth a Wilderness, consisting of variety of Trees, Bushes, Shrubs, Brambles, Thickets, inhabited and haunted with divers Wild Beasts, and Birds of various kinds and colours. In the Front of this Scene are two *Negro* Boys, properly Habited, and mounted upon two Panthers, bearing the Banners of the Lord Mayor's and the Companies Arms. In the Rere of these, in the same Pageant, is erected a stately Structure, formed in the Figure of a Pyramid, with four Triumphal Arches; and in the Front-Arch sitteth a Person who representeth *Orpheus*, habited in a Silk Robe striped

ſtriped with many colours, his Shoulder adorned with a large Scarf of Cloth of Gold, on his Head a long and criſpy hair, inveſted with a *Cæſar*'s Wreath of Laurel, all the Leaves tip'd with Gold; in his Hands a Lyre with ſtrings of Gold, on which he appears in the poſture of playing; on his Legs are Buskins, laced with Silver, after the Roman mode; upon each Wing of him a Satyr properly habited; which together with the Wild Beaſts are continually moving, dancing, curvetting, and tumbling to the Muſick of a Satyr, which is playing on a Ho-boy; amongſt the which an active Bear takes hold of a rope (which is pendant from a very high rope extended croſs the ſtreet) with his teeth and paws, ſhewing ſundry tricks. In the rear of *Orpheus* is a beautiful woman, in a glorious and proper habit, repreſenting *Amity*; a long diſhevel'd hair, on her head a Coronet of Gold, and in her right hand a Javelin. Laſtly, elevated on the higheſt part of the Pyramid ſits a female Negra richly and properly adorned with Silver, Gold, and Jewels, repreſenting *Africa*. *Orpheus* ſtanding up, and directing himſelf firſt to His Majeſty, ſpeaks this following Speech.

The SPEECH *to the* KING.

PArdon, not *Praiſe*, (Great *Monarch*!) we implore,
For ſhewing you no *better* Sights, nor *more*:
The *Greek* and *Roman* Wits (we muſt confeſs)
Shew'd greater *Fancy*, but their *Theams* were leſs;
For *we* more Excellence in *You* behold,
Than *they* in all their Emperours of old.
We hope Your Majeſty will not ſuppoſe
You're with Your *Johnſons* or Your *Inigoes*;
And though You make a Court, y'are in the City,
Whoſe Vein is to be Humble, though not Witty.
To help us You are opportunely come
I' th' Wedding Day of Your *Emporium*.
This day You *ſhew*, as well as *ſee*; for You
Are both our *Triumph* and *Spectator* too.
Oh, what a Glorious Sight 'tis to behold
Your *City* in her Loyal Arms enfold

This

This *Spouſe*, whom You to give her have thought fit,
And to his Rule (that's Yours) meekly ſubmit!
To Your Indulgence we this *Bleſſing* owe,
Who to your Subjects *Peace* and *Joy* beſtow.
May we Your Royal Favours ſtill improve,
Firſt to Obey, and next Rejoyce and Love.

To His LORDSHIP.

IN the *Firſt Age* when *Innocence* began
To ſpread her Splendour in the Soul of Man,
Union fill'd all the *Univerſe* with free
Felicious and Seraphick Harmony.
All parts of the *Creation* did conſent,
And the *world* was one well-tun'd *Inſtrument*:
Dog, Bear, Wolf, Lamb together did agree,
Nature it ſelf knew no *Antipathy*.
But when the Peace was broke by mans Tranſgreſſion,
Revenge with *Rage* and *Ruine* took poſſeſſion;
Diſorder rioted, and (in concluſion)
Old Amity was turn'd into confuſion.
But *Orpheus* whoſe perſon I preſent
(The *Hieroglyphick* of good Government)
By the ſweet power of his harmonious hand,
Reduc'd their ſalvage Natures, made 'um ſtand
Liſten, attend, and with their active paws
Dance and conform their feet to *Muſicks Laws*.
Such is the power of *Concord*, and *Conſent*,
The very ſoul of humane Government.
Then, my moſt honour'd Lord, ſince 'tis your due,
I do reſign my Inſtrument to *you*,
That can play better to Mens *differing* ears:
The *Type* muſt vaniſh when the *truth* appears.
This City (which my *Pageant* doth expreſs)
May very well be call'd a *Wilderneſs*.
A Wood where all the Wild and Brutiſh Creatures
Lie lurking in the Dens of mens bad Natures;

Which,

Which, if you can reduce, you will be fam'd
For quelling more than ever *Orpheus* tam'd:
No doubt but your endeavours will be ſhown
And you'l perform it (if it can be done.)
Your Wiſdom, Prudence, Temperance, and *Fate*
Have mark'd you, for this *City's Magiſtrate*;
This City which inflam'd with its own guilt,
In ſeven years time was Burnt and may be built:
Thanks to your *Lordſhip*, and thoſe prudent powers
Which joyn'd with you, the *City Senators*.
My Lord, it is your Deſtiny to riſe
From one of the moſt ancient Companies
In this Metropolis, we hope y'are one
That will reſtore our long-loſt **Union**.
'Twill make us *Rich*, and *Righteous*, and pleaſe *God*,
Firm to our Friends, fierce to our Foes abroad.
Union breeds *Peace*, and Plenty in a Land;
But Cities ſelf-divided, *Cannot ſtand*.

The Speech being concluded, his Lordſhip and his Retinue move through Cheapſide, *and by the way is repreſented to his view this Third Scene, or Pageant following.*

A Deſcription of the Third Pageant.

IS a moſt Magnificent and Imperial Palace of Pleaſure gloriouſly adorned, and exceedingly inriched with ſeveral Shields of the Cities, the Lord Mayor's and the Companies reſpective Arms; as alſo with many imbelliſhings and beautiful exornations from the Baſe to the extream altitude of the Superſtructure in a pyramidical Figure. In the front ſit four female Figures rich and properly habited, repreſenting *Juſtice*, *Temperance*, *Peace*, and *Plenty*; with four Nymphs in different Robes, ſitting at their feet as Attendants, bearing Banners, with the Emblems painted on them; intimating the nature, faculties, function, and quality of the precedent Vertues whom they attend. And on the moſt high and eminent part of this Structure, is elevated a perſon aptly attired, repreſenting *Fame*;

Fame; on her Head a Crown of Gold, on her Shoulders Wings of divers coloured Feathers, and in her Hand a Trumpet, on which is hung his Majesties Royal Banner of *Great Britain*, *France*, and *Ireland*, whom God long preserve.

Near to the presence of the King, Queen, Duke, and other Beams of the Royal Family, near *Milk-street* end is a Stage erected and fixed, where the much magnified *Jacob Hall* and his Company expres the height of their Activity in Tumbling, and the like.

His Lordship having sufficiently viewed this beautiful Building, and the Figures; he with his Attendants retire into the *Guild-hall* to Dinner, where the Tables wait to supply their Appetites, furnished with more Plenty, and Variety, Cookery, and Curiosity, then is to be had in any one place at any one time, amongst the most Celebrious Feasts in the Christian world; where his Lordship attended by the Waits of the City is accommodated with variety of excellent Musick both Loud and Soft, Vocal and Instrumental, amongst which this ensuing Song in Parts receives the regard of his Attention.

A Song consisting of three distinct Voices, with a Chorus *to each; purposely composed for my* Lord Mayors *Table.*

1 *Voice.*

COme let us concord
In a Verse to my Lord,
Whose Tables do shine
With Viands and Wine;
Whose Welcome and Wishes
Are free as his Dishes:
Good Claret will warm ye,
Here's nothing can harm ye,
Canary doth make but a few sick:
My Lady invites ye
To all that delights ye,
Whose spirit and words
Agree with my Lords;

Then taſte the fat bounty
Of every County;
Here is no miſpriſion,
All points of Diviſion
Are baniſh'd but what's in the Muſick.

Chorus.

Let joy and health,
With peace and wealth
Support his power who is
The prop of Londons *fair Metropolis.*

2 *Voice.*

Lord of that City, now the Seat
Of all that we call good and great;
Into whoſe lap is daily hurl'd
The various treaſures of the world;
Here is at all times to be had
The beſt of good, and worſt of bad:
Here men get wealth with ſwitch and ſpur,
And change their Fuſtian into Fur;
But, at the laſt, to crown their pains
Their wiſeſt Free-men are in Chains.
Here young Sons of indulgent Mothers
Grow richer than their Elder Brothers.

Chorus.

Then let the Cities Health go round,
May it in treaſure ſtill abound,
And be with Peace and Plenty Crown'd.

3 *Voice.*

Here Juſtice and Mercy are very well mixt,
The Sword and the Scabbard are faithfully fixt,
Which are born upright, not conceal'd like a Hanger;
And truly ſome ſay it was ne're drawn in anger:
For fowleſt Offenders are better kept under,
When Juſtice and Paſſion are fartheſt aſunder.
Dame *London*'s ſecure, the King ſo hath kept her
Therefore let her Sword ſubmit to his Scepter;

Then who can the power of my Lord Mayor withſtand,
Whilſt he doth preſent the great Lord of the Land.

Chorus *of all three.*

Then Lady London *let thy Beams*
That Town where Tyber *ſtreams,*
Till all the world inrich the Thames.

This Song being ſung and applauded, a chearful and temperate Cup of Wine goes about; in the mean time the Conſort of Muſick play two or three ſutes of Airs; which being ended, they make proviſion for a piece of Drollery to be ſung in Parts, and Shapes by theſe three, *viz.*

Hoyden, the Country-man of the Weſt. *Freeman*, the Citizen.
Billet the Souldier.

Enter Hoyden.

Hoyd. FRom how-d ye calt Town in what call y'um zhere,
To *Lungean* cham come, Lord what vine volks are here;
Zure thick is the place Ich zmell the good cheer:
Chil knock at the gate then—what ho! God be here. [*Knocks.*

Enter the Citizen.

Freem. What are you Sir?

Hoyd. A Weſt-Country mon Sir. (*Free.*) Good Bumkin forbear,
Such Hobnails as you are do ſeldom come here.

Hoyd. Uds zooks here's a vellow would make a man zwear;
Ich come to ſpeak Sir with Mr. Lord Mayor:

Free. What to do Sir?

Hoyd. To zee his vine Doublet, his Chain, and his Ruff,
His Beaver, his Gown, and zuch vinical ſtuff:

Free. And what do you think of a kick or a cuff?

Hoyd. If my whip will but hold vaith chill give thee enough;
And well laid on. [*Whips him.*

Free. Hold hold prethee Country-man be not ſo hot.

Hoyd. Chave a great mind to lay a long lace on thy Coat.

Free. Prethe tell me thy name, and my Lord Mayor ſhall know't?

Hoyd. My name is *Tom Hoyden*, what zayſt thou to that?

Free. Tom Hoyden?

The Tune alters.

Then *Tom Hoyden*, pack hence to *Croyden*;
The Country s fitter for thee.
Hoyden. Though you abhor us, and care not vor us,
Without us you can no be.
Free. We can live without) ou, and your rural rout.
Hoyd. Did we not vittle your houſe
My Lady Mayreſs with all her Fairies
Would zhit as ſmall as a Mouſe.
Free. We have mony. (*Hoyd.*) And we have honey.
Free. We have the Silver and Gold.
Hoyd. We have fuel. (*Free*) And we have Jewel.
Hoyd. And we have zheep in the vold.
Free. We have Silk enough. (*Hoyd.*) We have milk enough.
Free. We have treaſure untold.
We have means and eaſe. (*Hoyd.*) We have Beans and Peaſe,
Bacon hold belly hold.
Free. We have forces. (*Hoyd.*) And we have horſes.
Free. And we have powder and ſhot.
Hoyd. We have Pullets. (*Free.*) And we have Bullets.
Hoyd. And we have ſpirits as whot.
Free. We have Honours. (*Hoyd.*) And we have Mannors.
Free. And we are wall d about.
Hoyd. But when we begin t) keep our Cattel in
Vaith you l quickly come out.
Free. We have Gallies. (*Hoyd.*) And we have Vallies.
Free. And we have Cannons of braſs:
We have Feathers. (*Hoyd.*) And we have Weathers
On Mountains matted with graſs.
Free. We have Wine and Spice, Sugar, Fruit, and Rice.
Hoyd. We have good Barley and Wheat,
And were we put to t, better can live without
Money than you without meat.

Chorus *of both Voices.*

Both. *Then ſince 'tis ſo that we cannot be*
Without one another, let us two agree;
Let the Country prove fruitful, and City be free.
No Climat in Europe *ſo happy as we.* [They ſtand aſide.

Enter

Enter Billet *the Souldier. The Tune changeth.*

Bill. He that would be made by a Soldiers Trade,
Let him be encouraag'd by me:
For never did any men gain by the Blade
As we have in Forty three.

Hoyd. What Gallant is that? *(Free.)* It ſeems a Soldat.

Bill. Good morrow. *(Hoyd.)* Good morrow to thee.

Bill. Why how now, good Friends, what, all for your ends
Will you make up a Peace without me?
You know in a word the Power of the Sword.

Free. A Cannon can conquer a King.

Bill. A ſharp Sword will make a City to ſhake.

Hoyd. Vaith you have the World in a Zling.

Bill. Compare the whole Land to the Parts of a Man.

Hoyd. The Countrey's the Legs and the Toes.

Free. And, without a Riddle, the City's the Middle.

Bill. The Soldier's the Head. *(Hoyd.)* And the *Noſe.*

Bill. Though now we wear Blades, we once were of Trades,
And ſhall be whilſt Trading endures:
Our Officers are, although Men of War,
Some Goldſmiths, ſome Drapers. *(Hoyd.)* And Brewers.

Bill. They fortunate are, and valiant in War.

Free. They were ſo. *(Hoyd.)* Che very well knew 'um.

Bill. Some of them were Lords. *(Hoyd.)* Some of 'em wore Cords,
And went up to *Hangum tuum.*

Bill. Do you get encreaſe, we'll guard you with Peace,
The Sword ſhall not come where the Ax is:
We'll take off your Cares, we'll take off your Fears.

Hoyd. I but when will you take off our Taxes?

Bill. We keep Nations from ye, that would overcome ye,
Whilſt you do Plow, Harrow, and Threſh:
The *Frenchman*'s our own. *(Hoyd.)* Faith, What's bred in the Bone
Will hardly get out of the Fleſh.

The Tune changeth.

Free. Then, Sir, the City ſtill ſhall fit ye
With what you deſerve.

Hoyd. The Countrey Cow-man, and the Plow-man
Will not let thee ſtarve.

Free. With

Free. With Buff and Bever we will ever
Bleſs thy Back and Head.
Hoyd. We'll give thee yearly Wheat and Barley,
For thy Beer and Bread.
Free. I will give thee Silver, and enough good Ammunition.
I ſeal to this Condition.
Hoyd. And ſo do I, introth.
Bill. I will ſpend my Blood, Sir.
Free. And I will waſte my Treaſure,
Hoyd. To do the Soldier pleaſure.
Bill. Why now I thank ye both.

Chorus *of all Three.*

Let the City, the Countrey, the Camp, and the Court,
Be the Places of Pleaſure, and Royal Reſort:
And let us obſerve, in the midſt of our Sport,
That Fidelity makes us as firm as a Fort:
A Union well-grounded no Malice can hurt. [Exeunt.

At the Concluſion of this Droll the Second Courſe comes in. In the mean time they ſound a Leſſon on the Ho-boys, Cornets, and Sackbuts; and after all the Varieties are orderly marſhall'd upon the Table, the Muſick are prepared with another Repreſentation to ſalute his Lordſhip, which conſiſteth of three Parts, *viz.*

A Countrey-man, A Citizen, and *Sedition*, an old Inſtrument of *Oliver*'s Faction.

Enter Countrey-man in a very melancholy poſture.

WAw's mee, that ere che did zee
Thick vamous vine Zity;
Two yeer vrom Zummerzet-zheer
Hath quite convounded me.
A Zittizen in the Cuntry did zay
To mee, *Tom Hoyden*, Leave making Hay;
Go zell thy Land away, take Money vor't,
And buy thee a Place at Court;
Leave off thy Leather Breech, Brown Bread, and Milk,
Go there, and be cloth'd in Zilk.

2. One

2.

One hundred Pieces will there
Buy vower ſcore Pounds a yeer:
Thou zhalt be every day dreſt,
Quoth he, in Tunick and Veſt;
A dozen Diſhes, each day thou doſt dine,
Zhall be zerv'd to thee with Zongs and Wine.
Thought I, if thic be tru, ch'ill ſpeedily
Zell all, and a Courtnol bee:
Ich zold my Corn away, Cattel, and Cart.
And now cham not worth a Vart.

3.

No man was ever zo zarv'd;
Vor Ich am welly ztarv'd:
Gay Gallantry neat and vine,
But neither Meat nor Wine.
The Buttery Hatch is vlown off o' the Hooks,
And the Deel's run away with the Cooks;
Not zo much Zuet i'th' Kitchen as can
Zerve one for a Zop i'th' Pan.
Thought I to zelf, if it be zo,
Which way do the Taxes go?

4.

Now Ich am into *London* Town come,
'Chave zmelt out the Dining-room,
Rare Meat, and Muſick is got
To play't in piping hot;
Although that Gallants of Honour may boaſt,
I zee that Zitizens rule the Roaſt,
And will be Conquerours unto the deeth,
If 't come to be try'd by th' Teeth.
That Government's good where a Zurloin of Beef
Is made a Commander in Cheef.

The Tune changeth. Enter a Citizen gazing up and down.

Cit. *London* now beginneth to ſhew it ſelf,
And in Splendour agen to appear.

Count. Ich know not where nor how to beſtow my zelf, [*Aſide.*
Though by chance cham gotten in here.

[*Cit. Rome*

Cit. *Rome* was not, in her high Degree,
More glorious than this will be:
Though in Rubbish lately 'twas hurl'd,
'Twill be a Sight for all the World.

Count. Of zight and zent chave had my vill,
But my Gut is empty ſtill.

6.

Zweet Zur, kind Zur. (*Cit.*) What's your deſign with me?
How came *You* here? (*Count.*) In at the Gate:
Neat Zur, vine Zur, che come to dine with thee,
Drink Zack,—— (*Cit.*) Butler, look to your Plate;
Since ſuch Whipſters amongſt us are,
'Tis reaſon we ſhould beware:
In the Shapes of Countrey Elves
Cheats do often hide themſelves,

Count. Though chave been chous'd by *Londonous* men,
Chave not yet learn'd to cheat agen.

7.

Chave good report as any in *London*, Mon,
Where che was born, in *Zummerzet-zheer*;
'Twixt Cart and Court Ich now am an undon Mon,
Vool'd and gull'd. (*Cit.*) But how cam'ſt thou here?

Count. Zold my Lond vor a Place at Court;
But now Ichave nothing vor t:
It was by a Zitizen's means,
Che vorzook my Bacon and Beans,
Cow, and Plow, and Harrow, and Corn,
Lond, and Place, and Gilt forlorn.

8.

Cit. Some forſaken dangerous High-way-man,
And haſt late committed ſome evil.

Count. Thou'rt miſtaken, that ne're was my way, Man.

Cit. Carter turn'd Courtier may couzen the Devil.

Count. But a Zity-mons Vaith and Troth
Is able to chouſe them both.

Cit. Get thee gone to *Zummerzet-zheer*,
Thou ſhalt ſtay no longer here.

Count. The Countrey did not zerve ye zo
In Zixtyvive, ſix years ago.

9.

When the Zity was in calamity
By the Vire, we zhew'd our true Hearts,
Love and pity, good will and amity.
Cit. So ye did in your Twenty-pound Carts.
Count. Though one Zity in Vlames did ſmother,
Our Waggons did zave another.
Cit. Tis confeſs'd, the Caſh in the Cheſt
Builds another Phenix Neſt.
Count. Zhall che feed now? *(Cit.)* Prithee go in;
Ingratude's a monſtrous ſin.

As they are going off, Enter Oliver Faction: *The Citizen and Countrey-man ſtand by and obſerve. The Tune chan-geth to another Air.*

Oliver. Room for a Lad that hath been a Gueſt
At many an Honourable Noble Feaſt.
How comes't about
That I am now left out,
Who lately was ſo eminently in requeſt?
From a concealed Committee I came,
Oliver Faction is my Name,
I love as life
To ſow the ſeeds of Strife
'Twixt Father, Mother, Siſter, Brother, Husband, and Wife.
My Nature too is like my Name,
All peaceful Minds abhor it;
I put all Nations in a Flame,
And give them Reaſons for it:
I deal debate
In Church and State,
And bring all in Combuſtion;
With Low and High
I can comply
From Scarlet Robe to Fuſtian.
Zealous Factions I can ſpur,
With *Yea*, and *Nay*, and *Never ſtir*:
But at the Court
It is my ſport

To do as they would ha' me;
With Souldiers there
I curſe and ſwear
The deſperate word of damn-me.
The Roundheads and the Cavaliers
I filled with falſhood and fears,
A Cov'nant I made
To further my Trade,
And ſet them together by th' ears. [*Walks up and down.*

II.

Count. What vellows thick that doth ſo ztare.
Cit. I wonder how he came in here,
Where e're he goes
Conſpiracy he ſhows,
Which commonly doth terminate in deadly blows.
Count. Let s kick'n out. (*Cit.*) A while forbear.
Count. Chil whipp'n till he ſtinks for fear.
Let's ſtand aſide
And hear his begging pride,
He'l utter ſomething now which he doth uſe to hide.
Oliver. It joys me much to find it hot
With Brother againſt Brother;
I laugh to ſee how cloſe they plot
To ruine one another.
Small trifles are
The ſeeds of War
Copes Surplices, and Rochets,
Formalities
Will make men riſe,
Whoſe heads are full of Crotchets.
Down with Dagon cryes the Zealot,
We will vanquiſh Pope and Prelate;
And then to work
Like Jew and Turk
Miſguided by a Pigeon,
The 'tother ſtares,
And ſtruts and ſwears
He fights for his Religion.

Then

Then in come the Bodkins and Whiſtles,
And Roſes do Cov'nant with Thiſtles.
They fight and they die,
This is brave news quoth I.
Coun. Zee zee how he ſets up his briſtles.
To another Tune. 12.
Cit. What are you Sir that come
Into this peaceful room?
Where Amity attends
Our Loyal Citizens.
Oliver. A Jugler that can ſhew State Tricks,
Such as were done in forty ſix.
13.
Then follow follow me
All you that factious be;
You that are diſcontent
Againſt the Government,
I'le bring ye amongſt valiant fellows
That can lead ye. (*Count.*) To the Gallows.
14.
Oliver. If any man's ambition
Diſlikes his own condition,
Provided he be wiſe,
I'le teach him how to riſe;
I'le make a Brewer with his ſling
To ſway the Scepter of a King.
15.
A failing Citizen
I can make whole agen.
Cit. Go ſeek them out elſewhere,
There's no ſuch perſons here.
Count. If ſuch a work thou canſt go through,
Chil warrant thoul't vind enough to do.
16.
Oliver. If any Prentice waſh
Away his Maſters Caſh,
In ſwaggering draughts of Wine,
That fellow ſhall be mine:

At two years old I'le make him free,
Coun. And vit n for the Triple Tree.
Tune changeth 17.
Cit. Renounce ill and leave off the Villany
You did in forty ſix,
When writing and fighting did begger and kill many;
But now we have found your tricks.
Your Council nor all the bad wit is in
Your ſcull, can turn the tide:
You ſha'not, nor cannot comply with a Citizen
That will ſupport your pride.
Their hearts now with faith and reality
Are united ſo much unto Loyalty,
Love true Religion and Loyalty,
They to the Sovereign power do fix;
Your new knacks will never prevail with us,
They did ſo frequently formerly fail with us,
Coun. Therefore thou ſhalt to the Jayl with us. [*Count. whips*
Oliver. Prethee forbear thy whips and kicks. *& kicks him.*
Tune changeth. 18.
Oliver. Prethee let me go fair and free,
I did never do hurt to thee.
Count. Yes you did it in vorty three.
When your Meazles did blunder me.
And if cham not much miſtaken,
Icham very zure 'twas you
That did vilch my Beans and Bacon:
Cattel to Battel were took from Plow,
Ye did leave me never a Horſe nor Cow.
Oliver. Where was this? (*Count.*) In *Zummerſet-zheer.*
Oliv. I do confeſs my men were there,
But 'twas in the time of War,
Where huddles and troubles were high and hot,
And I hope that now it is quite forgot.
19.
Cit. Get thee gone away from this place.
Count. Or thy Tunick Iche mean to lace.

Oliver.

Oliver. I will never injurious be
To the City Society.
Cit. If I ſhould put truſt in thee.
I know that no man would truſt me.
Oliver. Let me ſtay and thou ſhalt ſee
I'le merrily, cheerily drink a free
And a hearty Cup to his Majeſty.
Cit. On theſe terms I'le let thee ſtay;
But yet before we drink wee l pray
That this aſcending City may
By Fire or Sword know no decay,
Until the very very latter day.
Chorus.
Oliver. Then in a *Chorus* of Prophetick Spirits
Wee l ſing forth her fame, and her name, and her merits.
Cit. No Cities that are ſhall ever compare
With *London* fetch'd out of the flames,
The City of *Rome* ſhall in pilgrimage come,
And *Tyber* ſhall bow down to *Thames.*
Oliver. No Fabricks that be are like this City
For Structure and beautiful Beams.
Omnes. Rome ſhall with her glory ſo famous in Story,
Make *Tyber* pay Tribute to *Thames.* [*Exeunt.*

In this honeſt, innocent, pleaſant, and amicable Recreation the Afternoon is waſted; and Dinner being concluded, the foot Marſhal doth rally all the ſcattered Retinue of his Lordſhip, and reduce them to their primitive Order as in the morning; only the Penſioners inſtead of Javelins and Targets carry Torches for lighting his Lordſhip, and Aldermen, and the Companies in their return from *Guildhall*; and both bodies being once more joyned together after Dinner, march up *Kings-ſtreet* towards *Skinners-hall*, where the Pageant called the *Wilderneſs* makes a ſtand; and the aforeſaid *Orpheus* ſpeaketh the ſecond Speech following.

Speech.

SPEECH.

My Lord,

THE Company on whom I wait,
Command me to ſalute you at your Gate,
With their fraternal hearty wiſhes; may
Your joys exceed the glory of this day.
May never night approach them, never ill
Divert them, but be fair and riſing ſtill:
May you in Traffick no diſaſter know,
Your riches never ebb, but ever flow,
Piety be your practice, and the poor
Never go empty handed from your door.
May you grow up in Honours ſeat, and prove
A Subject for your King, and Cities love.
May you live centuries of years and ſee
Your ſelf ſtill young in your Poſterity.
And ſo your Company bids (in your own right)
Good morrow to your Glories, not good night.

Which ended, and his Lordſhip entred his houſe, all depart in order, as the conveniency of night will permit; and the ſeveral perſons appointed to attend the ſervice of the day, take eſpecial care to lodge the Silk-works and triumphs in ſome ſecure place, till they can remove them to *Skinners-hall*, in regard they are of ſome weight, and the burthen of the day was heavy to the undertakers.

POST-SCRIPT.

THE City, being now by His Majeſties eſpecial Grace and Favour recovered out of its late deplorable Ruines, to a condition of greater Beauty and Splendour than before, preſumed to offer their Majeſties an Invitation to honour their Feaſt at the *Guildhall*, which their Majeſties received very graciouſly: And accordingly their Majeſties were pleaſed to honour the City with their Royal Preſence, firſt at the Shew in *Cheapſide*, and afterward in the *Guildhall* at Dinner, being accompanied by His Royal Highneſs the Duke of *York*, and His Highneſs Prince *Rupert*, and attended by the principal Lords and Ladies of the Court.

Their Majeſties, with the Duke of *York*, the Lady *Mary* and the Lady *Anne* Daughters to His Royal Highneſs, Prince *Rupert*, and many of the Great Ladies, dined at a Table raiſed upon the Huſtings at the Eaſt end of the Hall; the Foreign Embaſſadors, the Lords of the Council, and others of the Peerage and Nobility, at the two next Tables raiſed on each ſide of the Hall.

The reſt of the Hall was ordered as is uſual on this Solemnity; The The Aldermen dining at a Table raiſed at the Weſt end of the Hall, and the Citizens of the Liveries at ſeveral Tables, which filled the whole Body of the Hall; The Lords Chief Juſtices, Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Attorney and Mr. Sollicitor General, the reſt of the Juſtices of both Benches, the Barons of the Exchequer, and all the Serjeants at Law, habited in their Scarlet Gowns, in the Old Council-Chamber: The Aldermens Ladies, and other Ladies and Gentlewomen that were invited, at ſeveral Tables raiſed in the Mayors Court; and the reſt that could not have place there, at ſeveral other Tables upon a Deſcent on each ſide in the ſame Room. The reſt of the Rooms (except thoſe reſerved for withdrawing) were filled with Tables for Knights, Gentlemen, and other Gueſts, and for the Attendants of the Nobility, *&c.*

His Lordſhip beginning the ſeveral Healths of His Majeſty, the Queen, and His Royal Highneſs, the Hall was filled with Showts and Acclamations at the naming of every Health.

The

The whole Service was managed with as good order and decency as the Circumſtances could poſſibly admit, nothing being omitted by the City that might expreſs their duty to their Majeſties, and the humble ſenſe they had particularly of this Gracious Condeſcenſion.

His Majeſty was likewiſe pleaſed to confer the Honour of Knighthood upon thoſe well-deſerving Gentlemen *Jonathan Dawes* and *Robert Clayton* Eſquires, the preſent Sheriffs; and in the Evening returned to *Whitehall*, extremely pleaſed at the great Reſpects with which the City received the Honour of His Preſence; which was accompanied with the univerſal Joy and Acclamations of the People, who had on this Occaſion thronged all the Streets where their Majeſties paſſed in moſt incredible Numbers.

FINIS.